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FROM TIME TO TIME

A BOOK OF VERSES

B. M. WILSON

FROM TIME TO TIME

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY
S. W. WEITZEL

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NEW FAITHS	5
THE PURITAN	6
BROWNING	7
MATTHEW ARNOLD	8
ALCHEMY	10
THE CROSS BY THE WAYSIDE	11
THE ANGEL'S TARRYING-PLACE	12
THAT QUIET LIFE	15
A CLOUD RIFT	16
HOLY INNOCENTS	17
EASTER EVEN	18
LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY	19
THE ANSWER AND THE CALL	21
NO EVIL	23
NOT BY SIGHT	25
"AND BEING BAPTIZED, AND PRAYING" .	27
THE STAR AT DAWN	28
DAYBREAK	30
JOY IN HEAVEN	31
NATURE'S SECRET	33
LOST.—A SORROW	36

	PAGE
ABOVE THE STORM	37
"WHO HATH EARS TO HEAR"	39
JUDICA ME, DOMINE	42
LAWS AND LAW	44
"WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD"	45
FRITZ VON UHDE'S PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT BERLIN, ("Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast,")	47
BLIND GENTIAN ANSWERS QUESTIONS	50
IN A FEBRUARY GARDEN. CALIFORNIA	53
THE CLOCK SAYS IT	55
LOOKING BACK	56
GIVEN IN SLEEP	57
FROM ONE WHO WENT AWAY IN HASTE	62
FOREVER	63

NEW FAITHS.

NEW?—so, O Lord, Thy tender mercies
are,
So freshly blooms in heaven each evening's
star;
New,—yet from everlasting Truth is true,
Ever of old the wise Thy wisdom knew.

Newly man's plummet sounds the gracious
deep,
Clearer his eye may catch the glorious
steeps,—
'Tis the same mountain-top serene above,
The same still ocean of eternal Love.

THE PURITAN.

NARROW, 'tis true, yet deep and high ;
His bounded vision climbed the sky.
Scant was the heaven above his head ?—
That straitened space he keenly read.

Not the far galaxy's expanse
Caught reaching thought or roving glance ;
On some great stars he fixed his gaze,
By them he guided words and ways.

The walls that closed his nature round
Were mountains set in solid ground.
Convictions rock-like, stern, assured,
Not misty doubts his view obscured.

STUDIES FOR TWO PORTRAITS.

I.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A man of strength, whose noble word of cheer
Rings true as cymbal of the fire-tried gold ;
Who sings no song but makes the spirit bold ;
Unflinching optimist, and dumb to fear !
Seek not to know, he says, but struggle here
In manful faith, and with the world grow old,
And learn the truth that year to year hath told,
And dying learn it all, gain vision clear.

Yet never comes misgiving faith to rout ?
Aye, who so rich but knows some treasure lost ?
So high but scaled the hight from deeps immense ?
He gives no word to question or to doubt ;
Against a weakling world he holds his trust,
And takes the kingdom as by violence.

II.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A man of truth whose careful soul hath wrought
To keep the path through tangled, joyless wild,
Dim scene with cross lights vexed and snares beguiled ;
Nor certitude, nor place, but honor fraught

With honor's satisfaction. Bold in naught,
Yet brave with lofty braveness ; as some
child

Obedient took his burden up, nor smiled
Nor wept, but bore. No prayer he offered,
sought

No good for self lest self should baffle it.

No title his to faith's sublime repose,
But toil, though purposeless, is good, he
said,

And blindfold toiled. Then meek, in si-
lence fit,

Stepped swiftly in where Truth fresh as-
pect shows.

“ Life's old, death's new.” What knowl-
edge waits him dead ?

ALCHEMY.

'TWAS but a murky drop,—the legend told,—

A human tear.

The elements wrought, Time's forces manifold ;—

A gem is here,

Flashing with hints of sunset rose and gold,

And crystal clear.

THE CROSS BY THE WAYSIDE.

IT falls along the dusty way
Where pleasure's pilgrims day by day,
And weary toilers grave and slow,
And merry little children go,—
 The shadow of the cross !

We know not, but Thou, Lord, dost know
How oft the burdens lighter grow,
How sweet thoughts to the children come,
And to the traveler thoughts of Home
 At sight of Thy dear cross.

Nature, more true than we can be,
Has daily some fresh gift for Thee ;
In summer nestling harebells grow,
In winter wreaths of fairest snow
 Adorn Thy blessed cross.

THE ANGEL'S TARRYING-PLACE.

AN angel, it was whispered, had come
down

When morning blossomed o'er the sleeping
town,

With gifts from heaven man's irksome life
to bless,—

Joys to make richer, sorrows to redress,—
If one the spirit's tarrying-place might
guess.

If one might find him, what a boon were
here!

Wine of high courage flagging souls to
cheer,

Faith with bright promise waiting hearts
to stay,

Love to bear burdens and beguile the way,
Peace to crown all as evening crowns the
day.

I wandered forth to seek the blessed guest.
Where would he fold his pinions bright,
and rest?

Along the busy streets his face I sought,
Amid the hurrying scenes where commerce
wrought;

Not once the gleaming of his wings I
caught.

Rather he'll dwell upon the hills, I said,
Upon whose brow the sky's full grace is
shed,

In far sought cave, or by the river's flow,
Where free winds wander and the spring
flowers blow;—

But all the sweet, wild voices answered,
No.

Then last, in weariness, the day far spent,
Beneath the evening star I homeward went.
Vain all my patient search. My heart was
sore,

Long had I sought, and wide. What
could I more?—

I found the angel at my own closed door.

Ah, heart, for blessedness look not afar!
Where duty's joys, where duty's labors
are,

In homely paths, in quiet nooks it hides,
With lowly souls and home-keeping abides,
And folds its white wings at our own fire-
sides.

THAT QUIET LIFE.

LORD, oft I think what I would do,—
How far and wide Thy glory show,
How by my touch the world I'd move,
How by my word the truth I'd prove,—
And mourn my hand can grasp no more,
And mourn my voice of little power.
Then comes a thought—a greater thought,
Of a still work that once was wrought,
A noiseless step, a gentle touch,
A fame that moved the world not much ;
Only a few those hands could reach,
Only a few those lips could teach ;—
A sweet rebuke that life to me,
That quiet life in Galilee.

A CLOUD RIFT.

I LOOKED upon my little grave, all green,
Rounded with tender care, and blossom-
ing

With happy promises of earthly spring ;
I whispered, "Here she sleeps."—Then
on the scene

A gleam of softer, brighter radiance fell,
A messenger—an angel—came to me ;
"Ah, look," he said. "Lift up thine
eyes and see."

I saw that busy place where spirits dwell,
I saw the children run to do His will,
Swift, happy service!—sweet activity !

I saw—I saw her by the angel's side,
I smiled upon her. I was satisfied.

Ah me ! the gleam, the brighter light was
gone.

I saw again the little grave alone.

HOLY INNOCENTS.

Oh ! little hearts forever innocent,
Warm with earth's love, from all earth's
soiling clear,
Bless God that—here your lovingness not
spent—
Ye now love there !

Oh ! little voices sweet with earthly tone
Yet pure with heavenly,—faint to our
dull ear,
Bless God ye joined a moment in our song,
And now praise there !

Oh ! little white wings, reverent and at
rest,
Folded before His face in happy fear,
Bless God ye nestled once on mother's
breast,
And now pause there !

EASTER EVEN.

"And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the seventh day according to the commandment."

THE Lord of Life lies dead ;
High heaven is hung with gloom ;
Yet to their simple, wifely task
They turn them from His tomb.

The spikenard and the myrrh
Their tender hands prepare,—
Tender with grief and deft with love—
Then meekly close in prayer.

Our dearest hope lies low ;
From life fades out its best ;
Love still may find sweet work to do,
Faith still find Sabbath rest.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

EARLY they came, yet they were come too late.

The tomb was empty ; in the misty dawn
Angels sat watching, but the Lord was gone.

Beyond earth's clouded daybreak far was
He,

Beyond the need of their sad ministry ;
Regretful stood the three, with doubtful
breast,

Their gifts unneeded and in vain their
quest.

The spices—were they wasted ? Legend
saith

That, flung abroad on April's gentle breath,

They course the earth, and evermore again
In Spring's sweet odors they come back
to men.

The tender thought? Be sure He held it
dear;
He came to them with words of highest
cheer,
And mighty joy expelled their hearts' brief
fear.

Yet happier that morning—happier yet—
I count that other woman in her home
Whose feet impatient all too soon had
come,
Who ventured chill disfavor at the feast,
'Mid critics' murmur sought that lowliest
Guest,
Broke her rare vase, its fragrant wealth
outpoured,
And gave her gift beforehand to her Lord.

THE ANSWER AND THE CALL.

"And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer."

BEFORE love calls love answers. So Love says.

For love divines. Have we not proved it so?

The hurt that these our neighbors cannot know

Being indifferent, he our friend will guess,
His glance made keen by Love's clear-sightedness,

And all our wound he sees, and all our woe,

Before we call and this our dolor show,
And ask his tender touch to heal and bless.

And more is true; the hurt we proudly hide

From careless gaze, to this belovéd one—

The secret hurt already we confide
In that we love. Love ever cries and
calls ;
Love supplicates. And clamorous love
alone
Can hear love's ceaseless answer as it
falls.

NO EVIL.

"There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come near thy dwelling."

No evil? yet behold how tempest-tossed!
Storms beat unhindered on the good
man's head,
Heaven's lightnings shatter, or the early
frost
Falls on the flower he loved and leaves
it dead.

No evil?—in a world where sorrow sits
Vigilant, jealous; where a sorrow flits
Darkling beside each shape of happiness?
Oh, truth most literal! deep with tender-
ness!

Oh, wondrous transmutation ! In His hand,
His hand who gives, by His supreme command,

The clay is turned to gold, the ill to good.
The lightning is His messenger ; His frost
Chills not the root ; who knows God's fatherhood,
Knows he rides safe, however tempest-tossed.

NOT BY SIGHT.

LIGHT of the darkness! Love towards
Whom we grope
With ignorant steps, if haply we may
find,—
Through mists of doubt, miasmas of the
mind,—
Once found, a steadfast, sure, eternal hope!

No glory pierced my blindness, nay, nor
grace,
Charmed by no vision of Thy blessed face
I came. Sight were but distant ken, but, lo,
Thy touch hath reached me in the dark. I
know.

Thy hand hath drawn. 'Tis not that I
did go,

I stand,—upon the rock. Men call this
faith?

'Tis keener knowledge, verity that hath
No blur of sense. It is the blind who
know.

"AND BEING BAPTIZED, AND
PRAYING."

BENEATH the sky, upon the river's brim,
The fitful multitudes awaiting Him,
A world that questioned, and the full-
charged air
Vibrant with murmurings, Lo here!—
Lo there!
What recked it all?—He looked, O God,
to Thee.
Still heaven is open; to thine own to-
day,
Standing with Him, though all unworthily,
The answer cometh swiftly when they
pray;—
The dove of peace that lighteth gently
down,
The secret whisper, Thou, too, art my son.

THE STAR AT DAWN.

A STEALING glory, still, intent and sure,
And one fair star left on the flushing
sky ;
(It is a time of birth, an opening door,
A moment full of possibility ;
None knows how great a thing this day
may see.)

'Twas night that lit that fair star, dark-
browed night,
And still it burns, paled but before the
sun.
Pure through the darkness beamed its
steadfast light,
When sunshine conquers shade, when
night is gone,
Its tender radiance to the day is won.

So thou, dear grace of patience, in the soul
Dost keep brave vigil through the shad-
owed hour ;
Joy comes,—the morning ! swift the mists
unroll ;
The full day dawns, thy faithful watch
is o'er ;
Not that thy light is less, but heaven's
is more.

“ENTERED INTO LIFE—AT
DAYBREAK.”

THE pale moon hangs upon the sky,
A useless lamp, for day is nigh ;
The stars go out with fitful flare,
The morn’s bold wing is on the air.

Ah ! welcomer than softest rest
Deep folded to the night’s cool breast
The stir of life, the laden hour,
The waiting task, the bounding power.

The dawn’s gray quivers with the light.
Farewell to thee, farewell, sweet night !
I loved thee well, thy dreams were fair,—
Farewell to thee,—the Day is here !

JOY IN HEAVEN.

THE silly lamb deceived by foe's decoy
 Abroad to roam,
With thankful bleat returns its rescuer's
cry
 When night is come ;
But greater is the tender shepherd's joy
 Who bears it home.

The child who wanders from its father's
side,
 And strays away,
In helpless freedom o'er the meadows wide
 Alone to play
Comes joyful back, that father for his
guide,
 At fall of day.

Freed now the little feet from weary smart,
 From danger's net,
Content, and fain with childhood's happy
 art,
 Grief to forget ;
Yet think you not the seeking father's
 heart
 Is happier yet ?

Ah, joy !—such joy as our dull childish
 sense
 Is slow to guess ;
And think thee, Soul, thou dost that joy
 dispense,
 Or make it less,
Thy little deed may swell that sea immense,
 Heaven's happiness !

NATURE'S SECRET.

BRAVE deeds and noble man had done,
Fair fame and high achievement won
And earned a just renown ;
“ I'll build me monuments,” he said,
“ Temples and tombs shall raise their head
When I to dust am gone.

Chance, change and death I here defy ;
Though low this scheming head must lie,
Art liveth long and sure.
Time shall not quite my name efface,
And wondering age to wondering age
Shall see my work endure.”

Then Nature smiled a royal smile ;
She saw his columns rise the while,
She knew her secret well.

And, "Know, O man," she said, "the day
That finds your trophies old and gray
Shall see me blooming still."

The eternal hills are ever young,
The archéd halls where stars are hung—
The ancient heavens—are new.
Fresh laughs the sea, fresh gleams the sky,
The trooping flowers come smiling by ;
(Canst guess my secret's clue ?)

I yield to chance, to change, to death ;
Time touches me with fatal breath,
I shrink not, nor defy.
The years write wrinkles on my face,
New every morning wakes my grace,
Fresh flows the stream's supply.

The oak tree falls, the acorn springs,
The fair flower dies, its seed hath wings
And groweth up anon.

Mountains may rend ; in hidden caves
The patient drop the gravel laves
And forms another stone.

Who bows to chance new chance shall find ;
Resist not death, for Life's behind
And richer treasure bears.
Life ever lives ; let night creep on,
So swifter circles round the sun,
And brings sweet morning's airs.

LOST.—A SORROW.

I HAD a grief—ah, me ! a tender thing,
Quivering and helpless, pierced with smart
and sting.

Apart and sacred, safe from Joy's alarm,
I held it in my bosom close and warm.

Suns rose and stars ; above my drooping
head

Life's wide benignant courses kept their
tread.

My grief rose softly—'twas a day of
Spring,—

And flew away all on a silver wing.

ABOVE THE STORM.*

I SAW black sorrow coming,—from the sky,
Upon the smiling land, the summer sea,
Its shadow sweeping, as some bird sweeps
 by,

 Of huge, dun wing, of fearful augury,
Of leaden flight above the homes of men,—
Where will it stay its pinion dark, and
 when?—

So came that shadow from the summer
 sky.

Soul, we will meet it bravely, then I said.
 This blackness moving swifter now along,
Gathering with thunder's mutter overhead,
 Shall find us unsurprised, shall find us
 strong.

* Suggested by the incident in Agassiz's youth,
which so deeply impressed his mind.

Forward we'll journey up the mountain side,

Breast its full fury, all its wrath outbide,
Then on, and freelier breathe when it is sped.

Up to the mountain gat my soul and I,—
Mountain of God. And upward as we went,

Bowed for the storm, with laggard-lifted eye,

Sudden, behold, a fleckless firmament !
Here sit we on the hight 'neath sapphire clear,

The fair sun sinks, the early stars appear,
And loud beneath our feet the storm sweeps by.

"WHO HATH EARS TO HEAR."

SILENCE.—I pierce the heavens with my
cry,

I wait, I listen. Who will make reply?
I call, I question. Comes nor voice nor
sound.

The mountains rise in silence calm, pro-
found,

The heaving sea uplifts its troubled breast
And tells no tale, but moans a deep unrest ;
The stars shine still and cold, unmoved,
remote,

Silent they thread their maze, and answer
not.

Is earth's ear heavy ?—or is heaven's un-
bent ?

Father ! Life-giver ! What is Thy intent

In this Thy gift? What fruit so rich, so
sweet,

Lies hidden here, or what allotment meet
For such a thing as I that Thou hast
made?—

A soul,—all hope and possibility?
Breathless I listen. Still are earth and sea,
And the far sky smiles silent overhead.

Upon a day I saw one sit and sigh,
I saw one sit amid divinest sound;
Fine harmonies and subtle wrapped him
round

Yet trembled not his lip, nor flashed his
eye.

Only his hungry gaze looked ever forth,
His painful brow bent ever emptily;
He sat unmoved, nor faintest breath
caught he,
Nor thunder's roll, nor twittering linnet's
mirth,

For he was deaf. The noise of battle near,
The roar of mortal war had filled his ear,
And nevermore he heard. Ah, thought I
then,

Is it perhaps that thus it is with men ?
Is it perhaps that thus it is with me ?
Not heaven is silent, but my ear is dull.
Not heaven is silent ; rich perhaps and full
The music swells ; it is as naught to me.
Not false nor faint upon the quickened ear
The voices fall of earth and sea and sky,
But, ah ! the world's wild voices ever nigh
Have dulled the heavenward sense. I do
not hear.

JUDICA ME, DOMINE.

BE Thou my Judge, O God !
Thy justice, sweeter than man's tenderness,
And keener sighted, counts the sin no
less,
Yet bears a healing none would dare to
guess.

Thou knowest altogether : deep within
Thou seest the sorrow latent in the sin,
The foul black spot I weakly wish were
clean,

O Thou, my Judge, my God !

Black is its blackness ; better far than I
Thou knowest that foulness ; and in Thy
pure eye
No guilty thing may live. Still, still I cry,
Be Thou my Judge, O God !

Sin cannot live, but Thou, my Judge, my
God,

Alone among the judges, by Thy word,
Canst slay the sin, and bring to true accord,
My soul and Thine, great God !

My weak will and Thy strong ;—O only
Just !

Eternal Truth must stamp e'en worthless
dust,

Right must needs help make right ! Be
Thou my trust,
Be Thou my Judge, O God !

LAWS AND LAW.

MIGHTY man's will, and sweeps a world-wide arc ;
Great Nature's arm swings free in Titan curve ;
Holding them both, with tense and tireless nerve,
Eternal Love moves onward to its mark.

"WORK TO-DAY IN MY
VINEYARD."

WHERE is Thy vineyard, Lord of love ?
Thy fields stretch far beneath the sky,—
Swept by all heavenly winds they lie,
And heaven's light floods them from
above.

Where is Thy vineyard ? Here am I,
Hither Thy grace hath led my way ;
Lord, I will go, nor ask to stay ;
I wait to hear Thy mandate high.

I wait to hear the trumpet-blast ;
Forth to some deed of noble name !
With nerve of steel, with heart of flame,
I'll join the struggle's glorious haste.

Is this the trumpet?—this sweet voice—
Low, sweet, and still within my heart?
This love, of life itself a part?
This symphony of earth's best joys?

Is this Thy vineyard?—this dear home
Where day by day the old sun shines
Upon the old hill's rounded lines,
And stars I know gild night's blue dome?

Is Thy vineyard? Is it mine
To cull the fruit for those I love?
Among my chosen ones to move,
And fill their cup with life's rich wine?

Is this Thy mandate? Happy I!
To serve the dearest Thou hast given!
Oh, tender plan conceived in heaven!
How should my soul with joy comply!

Lord of the vineyard, this I ask—
Nearest of all that Thou wilt stand,
Dearest of tones be Thy command,
And best reward the lowliest task.

FRITZ VON UHDE'S PAINTING
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY
AT BERLIN.

"Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast."

BRIGHT noonday sunshine floods the floor,
Wide open stands the humble door,
The simple meal is neatly spread,
The child has bowed her golden head,
And reverent grace has gravely said.

And he is come ! the guest she asked :
A traveler, weary, overtired,
A toiler, from noon's dust and glare,
A king, of features strangely fair,
A willing friend their feast to share.

Ah, much is writ upon that face !
"I come because you give me place,

Gladly I take the waiting seat,
Grateful the poor man's bread I eat,
And what I bring you—who can mete?"

And on the faces gathered round
Sit love untold and joy profound.
"O, friend divine," the elders say,
"Afar we've seen thee on our way,
Stay with us now,—forever stay!"

They worship, yet are not afraid,
Father and mother—little maid—
No terror in the childish eyes,
No hint of awe or mysteries,
But trusting love and sweet surprise.

And as the homely feast goes on,
By that blest presence shone upon,
No pleasant jesting feels restraint,
No blame finds word, no scandal's taint,
No selfish gladness, weak complaint.

“ Oh, come, Lord Jesus, be our guest.”
Such is the child-like heart’s request,
And, see, He lends a willing ear.
How sweet the talk, how rich the cheer,
Were this dear guest forever here !

BLIND GENTIAN ANSWERS
QUESTIONS.

NOT for my sins, dear poet, am I blind,
But long ago—have you not heard the
story?—
My grandsire trespassed, (here the record
find)
And robbed his offspring of our race's
glory.

They dwelt—my fathers—on this breezy
hill,
All in the brilliant late October weather;
Fair stood their ranks, as you may see
them still,
Beneath heaven's sapphire clustered
close together.

And round the happy spot the fairies
played,

Coming in secret under nightfall's cover,
Or hurrying home, by kindly act delayed,
As morning softly crept the hillside
over.

Late, late one night—the east was grow-
ing red—

A tardy fay the last of all was numbered ;
(All night he'd watched beside a baby's
bed,
And kept it happy while the mother
slumbered.)

Thirsty and tired the fairy hither flew.

“ Dear flower,” he said, “ I'll stop with
you a minute,
Give me, I pray, a sip of fresh-fall'n dew—
How bright it looks with day's first sun-
beam in it ! ”

Here sinned my grandsire. Heaven's happiest law

He quite forgot, and charity's pure pleasure.

With careless heart another's need he saw,
Nor oped his cup to share its crystal treasure.

And since that day, the country people tell,
One half the gentians grow with fast-closed chalice ;

Not theirs to drink the dew they love so well,
Not theirs to see the sun-god in his palace.

Shadow of sin ! Yet sunshine filters through,

And fills my cup, and lends an inner glory,

And poets guess my secret heart is true ;—
Some brighter morning may reverse the story !

IN A FEBRUARY GARDEN.
CALIFORNIA.

A BREEZE, a brightness, branches overhead,
One near, (else, Sweet, what would the garden be?)
A troop of poppies, sunflower, peony,
And motley phloxes to the sunshine spread;
Beneath her window wall-flower lifts its head,—
The goodly wall-flower Bacon liked to see—
Its bright fires burning soft and smokily,
Its breath condenséd richness, richly fed
By earth, by sunshine, and the plenteous showers.

Here lilies fail not, nor the affluent rose,
Here evening primrose counts the golden
hours,
Here sweetly, like the thought of one
most dear,
The breath of violets comes and gently
goes
And comes again, and savors all the air.

THE CLOCK SAYS IT.

NIGHT ; and the clock ticks on,
The world is still, and the stars look down.

The clock ticks light, the heart beats
low,

Nor stir nor sound ; the wind's asleep :
The stars o'er the black sky silent creep
And silent drop 'neath the black hill's
brow.

The clock and the heart beat on, beat on.

There'll come a night when the stars look
down,

When the world's asleep, and the stars
* creep on,

Creep silent past, and drop 'neath the hill,
And the clock will stop, and the heart be
still.

LOOKING BACK.

HILLS of the past, lying in tender light,
How shall I speak the thoughts that
rise in me
As backward turning now your slopes
I see ?
Soft lie your shadows, and the rugged
hight
That tore my feet is bathed in sunny
rest.
Your paths were rough as on I panting
pressed,
Oft, oft I stumbled, oft I lost the way ;
Peaceful lies all in memory's chastened
ray,
Fair rise your peaks, fair stretch the upland
meads,
Silence and sacred calm upon your heads.

GIVEN IN SLEEP.

THEY whispered low about the shadowed bed,

“She soon must cross the fearful stream,”
they said.

And I? Swift ran my thoughts to that dread verge,

My troubled thoughts—such thoughts as quickly merge

In dreamful sleep.—I hear the river’s surge,

I stand upon its bank, and stand alone.

Chill creeps the white mist, and a far wind’s moan

Sweeps through the cypress trees. But what to me

The creeping mist, the wind, or that dull sea

That sobs and surges? For insistently

A deathlier chill, a deadlier fear oppress,—
A palsying weight of sin, of faithlessness.
“How can I come,” I said, “before His
face

Whose love I slighted, half forgot His
grace,

Doubted and feared, nor fitly cared to
praise?

Horror of darkness? Terror deeper far
The shuddering soul beyond the glance of
star

Or sun, or lamp of heaven-lit faith can
know.

Sad unfamiliar stream? Chill winds that
blow?

It is my sins that freeze my soul with woe.

It is my doubts tumultuous rage and
swell,—

Ungenerous fears. How can I cross and
dwell—

Cross that wild torrent of mistake and
wrong—
It deepens, widens, grows more fierce, more
strong,—
And dwell the happy, pardoned souls
among?"

Then still uprose upon the further brim,
Yet near, a form. Who shall those features
limn,
Or mar with word or breath that gracious
sight?
What tongue can speak that sweet, com-
pelling might?
What speech but silence pure be worship
right?

He stood,—the Christ! God's love made
manifest!
And I had doubted Him! within my
breast

Let creep unfaith and fears. Swift rose
my prayer,
My worldless prayer, (He read the soul
laid bare
And caught the thought or ere it cleft the
air,)—

“But, Lord, I cannot come. My sins di-
vide.

How can I forth upon this rushing tide
Of my own terrors, doubts and sinful
fear?”

He spake no word. But in the dimness
drear

He opened forth His arms.—Lo, heaven
was here !

Upon the sea of terror, doubt and sin
Instant I flung myself, and plunged
within,

The waves forgotten. "Lord," my spirit
cried,
"No power can keep me from Thee, naught
divide.

Through floods of doubt and sin I'll reach
Thy side."

The vision passed. Was it not gracious
sent?

And when once more my slow steps earth-
ward bent

Its sweetness lingered. Can I know doubt
more,

Distrust or fear? Upon the dark stream's
shore

He stands, He waits, He blesses evermore.

FROM ONE WHO WENT AWAY
IN HASTE.

SWEET friends, I could not speak before I
went,

We could not wait—the messenger and I,
Will you guess all?—with love's clear vis-
ion bent

On that poor past, with eyes that search
the sky?

Some things I would have done, some
words have said;

Swift had my feet on those last errands
run.

Once more I would have said, “I love
you,”—plead

Once more forgiveness for the good un-
done.

And do I hear a whisper, "Ah, forgive,
Forgive us any tenderness forgot"?
Hush, dearest pleader, where to-day I live
Love's depth drowns all; the things
that were are not.
Of all the wondrous tale anon we'll talk,
And on some sunny hight together walk.

FOREVER.

LIKE the lark through deeps of sky,
Will the soul bound on, and fly
Earth-lost, toward God forever?

In fullness which thirsts for more,
Research which is richest lore,
In rest which is still endeavor?

Oh, love, more wide, more deep,
As ages their watches keep!
Oh, power that lures us ever!

Faith growing strong through sight,
Hope shining still more bright!
Is this Thy heaven, great Giver?









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